

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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HENRY PETERSON, }

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1862.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

WAITING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY EDWIN R. MARTIN.

Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,
But that which warm'd it once shall never die.
—Campbell.

At the west windows of my life
I stand and lift my longing eyes,
To where beyond Death's turbid stream
The isles of Life Immortal rise;
I hear the beat of muffled waves,
They break upon the rocky shore,—
A wild and stormy stream is death,
And they who cross return no more.

And soon I know my feet will tread
The gloomy way which lies between,
A path down through the shadowed vale,
And then the passing of the stream;
Yet terror does not bid me stay,
For I would seek with glad delight
That land of pleasure dimly seen,
Bathed in a flood of radiant light.

My treasures have been gathered there,
More precious than this world can show,
Friends who grew weary of this life,
And left me in "the long ago;"
They crossed the stream, then pearls glistened
Were oped and softly shut them in,
While to my watching eyes their forms
The distance veiled in shadows dim.

At the west windows of my life
Still lonely and alone I stand,
And wait until the message comes
To hasten to that distant land :
My hours like golden shadows fall,
Sweet dreams of beauty round my way,
Yet when the last shall darken here
'Twill brighten there in endless day.

Bethany, Mo.

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTER,"
"THE MYSTERY," "EAST
LYNNE," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XL

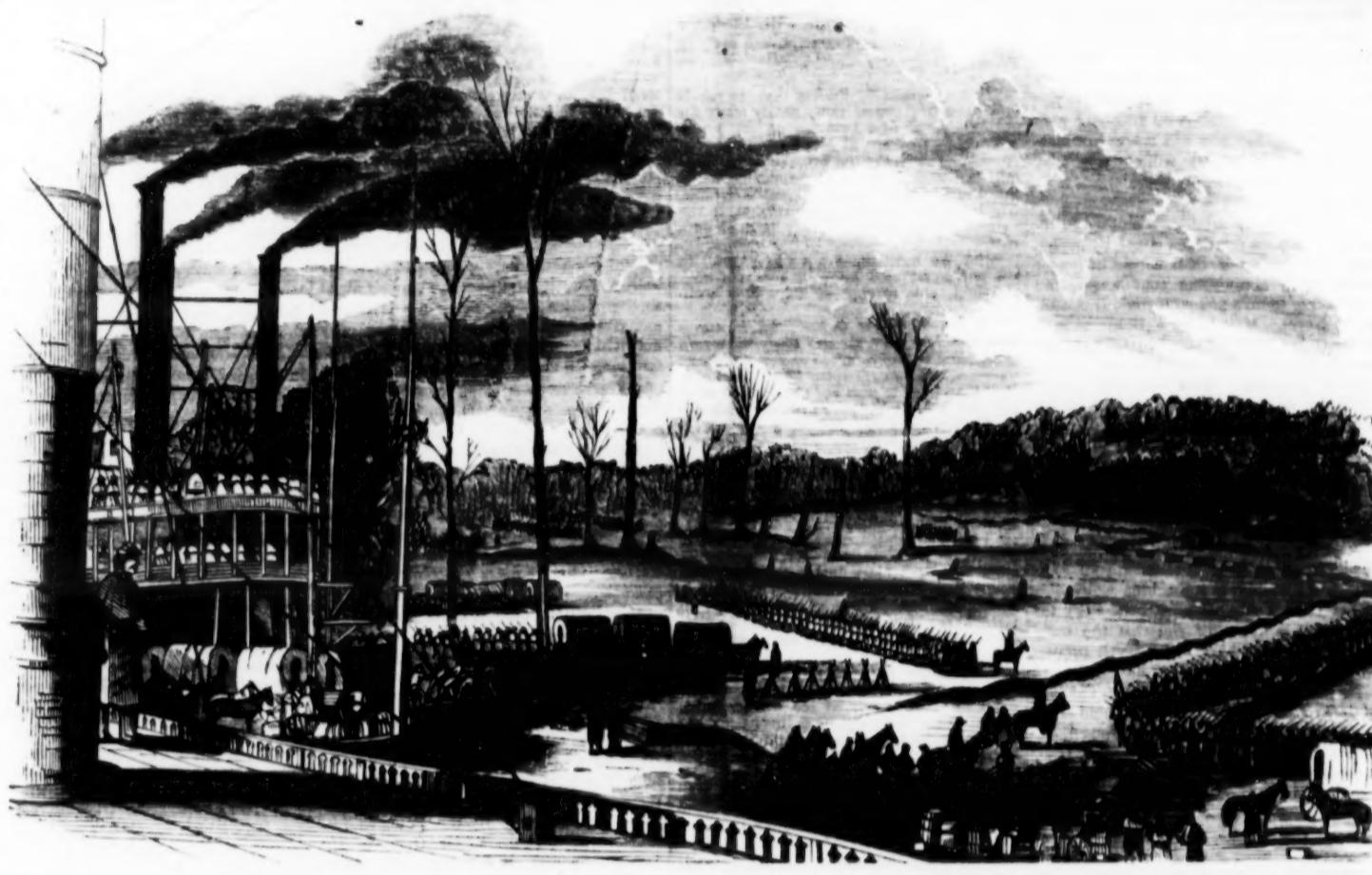
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AGITATION.

The men of an influential metropolitan building firm had struck, because their employers had declined to accede to certain demands, and Daffodil's Delight was, as you have seen, in the seventh heaven of congratulation, particularly the female part of it, anticipating roast goose for dinner, and a crino-line a piece. The men said they struck for a diminution in the hours of labor; the masters told them they struck for an increase of wages. Seeing that the non-contents wanted the hours reduced and not the pay, it appears to me that you may call it which you like. The Messrs. Hunter's men—with whom we have to do, for it was they who chiefly filled Daffodil's Delight—though continuing their work as usual, were in a most unsettled state: as was the case in the trade generally. The under-current of discontent was growing higher. It might have died away peacefully enough, but that certain spirits made it their business to fan it into a flame.



DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1862.



THE WAR IN TENNESSEE—FIRST LANDING OF THE U. S. TROOPS IN TENNESSEE, FEB. 4, ON THE BANKS OF THE TENNESSEE RIVER, A FEW MILES FROM PORT HENRY.

SKETCHED BY H. LOVIE, FROM THE HURRICANE DECK OF THE TRANSPORT STEAMER THE NEW UNCLE SAM.

As a matter of historical interest, we give from "Frank Leslie" a picture of the first landing of the U. S. troops on the "sacred soil" of Tennessee. Gen. Grant's division

disembarked on the 4th of February, a few miles below Fort Henry, while Commodore Foote with his flotilla of gunboats steamed past Panther Island, to the very ram-

fully. "How you men can submit to be led by such a fellow as him, just because his tongue's capable of persuading you that black's white, is a marvel to me. Talk of women being soft! let the men talk of themselves. Hold up a finger to 'em, and they'll go after it; like the Swiss cows Peter read of the other day, a flocking docilely in a line after their leader, behind each other's tails."

"I wish I knew what was right," said Baxendale. "Or which course would turn out best for us."

Behind the house tenanted by the Duns, were premises occupied until recently by a cow keeper. They comprised, amidst other accommodation, a large barn or shed. Being at present empty, and to let, Sam thought he could not do better than take French leave to make use of it.

The men hurried over their tea or supper, (some took one on leaving work for the night, some the other, some a mixture of both, and some neither,) that they might attend to the invitation of Sam. Peter Quale was seated over a substantial dish of butter pudding; a bit of neck of mutton laced in the midst of it, when he was interrupted by the entrance of John Baxendale, who had stepped in from his own rooms next door.

"Be you a-going to this meeting, Quale?" he asked, as he took a seat.

"I don't know nothing about it," returned Peter. "I saw Slippery Sam's giving out papers, so I guessed there was something in the wind. He took care to pass over me; I expect I'm in the greatest eyesore Sam has got just now. Have a bit?" added Peter, unceremoniously, pointing to the dish before him with his knife.

"No, thank ye; I have just had tea at home. That's the paper?" laying it open on the table-cloth. "Sam Shuck is just now cock-a-hoop with this strike."

"He is no more cock a-hoop than the rest of Daffodil's Delight is," struck in Mrs. Quale, who had finished her own meal, and was at leisure to talk. "The men and women is all going mad together, I think, and Slippery Sam's leading 'em. Suppose you all do strike—what is it they're hankering after—what good'll it bring?"

"That's just it," replied Baxendale. "One can't see one's way clear. The agitation might do us some good, but it might do us a deal of harm. Quale, I'll go to the meeting, if you will."

"If I go, it will be to give 'em a piece of my mind," retorted Peter.

"Well, it's only right that different sides should be heard. Sam'll have it all his own way, else."

"He'll manage to get that, by the appearance things wear," said Mrs. Quale, wrath-

fully. "How you men can submit to be led by such a fellow as him, just because his tongue's capable of persuading you that black's white, is a marvel to me. Talk of women being soft! let the men talk of themselves. Hold up a finger to 'em, and they'll go after it; like the Swiss cows Peter read of the other day, a flocking docilely in a line after their leader, behind each other's tails."

The irreverent interruption was spoken in simple surprise; no indignant meaning prompting it. Sam Shuck had appeared in ragged attire so long, that the change could not fail to be remarkable. Sam loftily turned a deaf ear to the remark, and continued—

"I am sure most of you can't fail to see that things have come to a crisis with our trade. And the moment that brought it was when that great building firm refused the reasonable demands of their men, and the consequence was a strike. Friend, I have been just *riled* ever since. I have watched you go to work day after day like tame cats, the same as if nothing had happened, and I have said to myself: 'Have those men of Hunters' got souls within them, or have they got none?'

"I don't suppose we have parted from our souls," struck in a voice.

"You have parted with the feelings of them, at any rate," rejoined Sam, beginning to dance, but remembering in time that his *terra firma* was only a cranny tub. "What's that you ask me? How have you parted with them? Why, by not following up the strike. If you possessed a grain of the independence of free men you'd have struck your colors before now, and other firms in the trade would have struck afterwards. It's the only way that will bring the masters to reason—the only way by which we can hope to obtain our rights."

"I don't suppose we have parted from our souls," struck in a voice.

"You see, there's no knowing what would be the end of a strike, Shuck," argued John Baxendale.

"There's no knowing what may be in the inside of a pie till you cut him open," returned Jim Dunn. "But tain't many as 'd shrunk from putting in the knife to see."

The room laughed, and greeted Jim Dunn with applause.

"I put it to you all," resumed Sam, who took his share of laughing with the rest, "whether there's sense, or not, in what I say. Are we likely to get our grievances redressed by the masters, unless we force it? Never; not if we prayed our hearts out."

"Never," and "never" intermixed sardine voices.

"What are our grievances?" demanded Peter Quale, putting the question in a matter-of-fact tone, as if he really asked for information.

"Listen!" ejaculated Sam. "He asks what our grievances are! They are many and great. Are we not kept to work like beasts of burden, ten hours a day? Does that leave us time for the recreation of our wearied bodies, for the improvement of our minds, for the education of our children, for the social home

parts of the enemy. Nothing could exceed the manner in which the troops were landed; it was admirable in every respect, and reflected the greatest credit on the officers

The only anxiety was lest they might not be in time to assist in the storming of the strong hold—a wish they were not gratified in, as the Commodore finished the work too soon.

parts of the enemy. Nothing could exceed the manner in which the troops were landed; it was admirable in every respect, and reflected the greatest credit on the officers

intercourse in the bosoms of our families? By docking the day's labor to nine hours—or to eight, which we shall get, may be, after while—it would leave us the extra hour, and be a blessing."

Sam carried the admiring room with him. That hard, disbelieving Peter Quale, interrupted the cheering.

"A blessing, or the contrary, as it might turn out," cried he. "It's easy to talk of education and self-improvement, but how many is there as would use the accorded hour that way?"

"Another grievance is our wages," resumed Sam, drowning the words. "We call ourselves men, and Englishmen, and yet we are down contended with five and sixteen a day. Do you know what our trade gets in Australia? Oh, you do, some of you? then I'll tell those that don't. From twelve to fifteen shillings per day, and even more than that."

"It's to be hoped they have," retorted Mrs. Quale, not inclined to be put down; and her sentiments appeared to be warmly joined in by the ladies generally. "Don't you men agitate for the Saturday's half-holiday? What'd you do with it? just sit it away at the publics."

Some confusion ensued; and the gentler sex were peremptorily ordered to mind their own business, and "make themselves scarce." When the commotion had subsided, a very respectable man took up the discourse—George Stevens.

"The gist of the whole question is this," he said. "Will agitation do us good, or will it do us harm? We look upon ourselves as representing one interest; the masters consider they represent another. If it comes to open warfare between the two, the strongest would win."

"In other words, whichever side's funds held out the longest," said Robert Darby. "That is as I look upon it."

"Just so," returned Stevens. "I cannot say, seeing no farther than we can see at present, till a strike would be advisable."

"Stevens, do you want to better yours if, or not?" asked Sam Shuck.

"I'd be glad enough to better myself, if I saw my way clear to do it," was the reply. "But I don't."

"We don't want no strikes," struck in a shock-headed, hard-working man. "What is it we want to strike for? We have got plenty of work, and full wages. A strike won't fill our pockets. Them may vote for strikes that like 'em. I'll keep to my work."

Partial applause.

"It is as I said," cried Sam. "There's poor, mean spirited creatures among you, as won't risk the loss of a day's pay for the common good, or put out a hand to help the less fortunate. I'd rather be buried alive, five feet under the earth, than I'd show out so selfish."

"What is the interest of one of us, is the interest of all," returned Stevens. "And a strike, if we went into it, would either benefit us all, or make us all suffer. It is sheer nonsense to attempt to make out that one man's interests are different from another's; our interests are the same. I'd vote for striking to-morrow, if I were sure we should come out of it with whole skins, and get what we struck for; but I must see that a bit clearer first."

"How can we get it, unless we try for it?" demanded Sam. "If the masters find we are all determined, they'll give it to us. I appeal to you all"—raising his hands over the room—whether the masters can do without us?"

"That has got to be seen," said Peter Quale significantly. "One thing is obvious: we could not do without them."

"Nor they without us—nor they without us," struck in several voices.

"Then why shilly-shally about the question of a strike?" asked Sam, in a glib tone of reason. "If a universal strike were on, the masters would pretty soon make terms that would end it. Why, a six months' strike would drive half of them into the Gazette."

"But it might drive us into the workhouse at the same time," interrupted John Baxendale.

"Let me finish," went on Sam, "it's not polite to take up a man in the middle of a sentence. I say that a six months' strike would send most of the masters to the bankruptcy court. There has been a question debated among us—Sam lowered his voice—'whether it would not be polite to let things go on quietly, as they are, till next spring—'"

"A question among who?" interposed Peter Quale, regarding this of the reproach just administered to John Baxendale.

"Never mind who," returned Sam, "with a wink, "among those that are hard at work for your interest. With their contracts for the season signed, and their works in full progress, say about next May, then would be the time for a strike to tell upon the masters. However, it has been thought better not to delay it, the future's but an uncertainty, the present is ours, and so must the strike be. How you wives?" he pathetically continued, "how you children? how you spirits of your own? Then you will sit, with one accord, go in for the strike."

"But what are our wives and children to do while the strike is on?" asked Robert Darby. "You say yourself it might last six months, Sam. Who would support them?"

"Who?" returned Sam with an indignant air, as if the question were a superfluous one. "Why, the Trades' Unions, of course. That's all settled. The Union are prepared to take care of all who are out on a strike standing up, like brave Britons, for their privileges and keep 'em like fighting-eocks. Hoors for that blessed boom, the Trades' Unions!"

"Hoors for the Trades' Unions!" was shouted in chorus. "Keep us like fighting-eocks, will they? Hoors!"

"A murmur light upon the Trades' Unions" burst forth a dissenting voice. "They are the greatest pests as ever was allowed in a free country."

The opposition caused no little commotion. Standing by the door, having passed his way through the surrounding women, who had not made themselves "scars," was a man in a flannel jacket with a cap in his hand, and his head white with mortar. He was looking as excited as he spoke.

"This is not regular," spoke Sam Shuck, with authority. "You have no business here you don't belong to us."

"Regular or irregular, I'll speak my mind," was the answer. "I have been at work for Jones the builder, down yonder. I have done my work steady and proper, and I have had my pay. A man comes up to me yesterday and says, 'You must join the Trades' Union.' 'No,' says I, 'I shan't.' I don't want nothing of the Trades' Union, and the Union don't want nothing of me." So they goes to my master. "If you keep on employing this man, your other men will strike," they says to him, and he, being in a small way got intimidated, and sent me off to-day. And here I am, thrown out of work, and I have got a sick wife and nine young children to keep. Is that justice? or is it tyranny? Talk about emancipating the slaves! let us emancipate ourselves at home."

"Why don't you join the Union?" cried Sam. "All do, who are good and true."

"All good men and true don't," returned the man. "Many of the best workmen among us won't have anything to do with Unions, and you know it. But if I would, I can't. To join it, I must pay five shillings, and I have not got them to pay. With such a family as mine, you may guess every shilling is fore stalled before it comes in. I kept myself to myself, doing my work in quiet, and interfering with nobody. Why should they interfere with me?"

"If you have been in full work, five shillings is not much to pay to the Union," sneered Sam.

"If I had my pockets filled with five shilling pieces, I would not pay one to it," fearlessly retorted the man. "Is it right that a free-born Englishman should give in to such a system of intimidation?" No, I never will. You talk of the masters being tyrants, it's you who are the tyrants, one to another. What is one workman better than his fellow, that he should lay down laws and say, you shall do this and you shall do that, or you shall not be allowed to work? I can tell you what"—turning his eyes on the room—the Trades' Unions have been called a protection to the working man, but if you don't take care, they'll grow into a curse. When Sam Shuck, and other good-for-naughts like him, what never did a full week's work for their families yet, are paid in gold and silver to spread incendiarism among you, it's time you looked to yourselves."

He turned away as he spoke, and Sam, in a dance of furious passion, dashed out his tub. The inebriate had not tended to increase the feeling of the men in Sam's favor—that is, in the cause he advocates. Indiscriminate-talking ensued, diverse opinions were disputed, and the men dispersed as they came, nothing having been resolved upon. A few set their faces resolutely against the proposed strike; a few were red hot for it, but the majority were undecided, and liable to be swayed either way.

"It will come," nodded Sam Shuck, as he went home to a supper of pork-chops and gin-and-water.

But Sam was destined to be—as it would have expressed it—circumvented. It cannot be supposed that this unsatisfactory state of things was unnoticed by the masters, and they took their measures accordingly. Forming themselves into an association, they discussed the measures best to be adopted, and determined upon a lock-out, that is, to close their yards until the firm whose workmen had struck should resume work; they also resolved to employ only those men who would sign an agreement, or memorandum, affirming that they were not connected with any society which interferred with the arrangements of the master whose service they entered, or with the hours of labor, and acknowledging the rights both of masters and men to enter into any trade arrangements on which they might mutually agree. This paper of agreement was not relished by the men at all; they styled it "the odious document." Neither

was the lock-out relished; it was of course equivalent, in one sense, to a strike; only that the executive had come from the masters' side, and not from theirs. It commenced early in August. Some of the masters closed their works without a word of explanation to their men; in one sense it was not needed, for they knew of the measure beforehand. Mr. Hunter chose to assemble them together, and state what he was about to do. Somewhat of his old energy aped to have been restored to him for the moment, as he stood before them and spoke—Austin Clay by his side.

"You have brought it upon yourselves," he said, in answer to a remark, from one who had, but respectfully asked, whether it was fair to resort to a lock-out, and so punish all alike, contents and non-contents. "I will meet the question upon your own grounds. When the Messrs. Trollope's men struck because their demands, to work nine hours a day, were not acceded to, was it not in contemplation that you should join them—that the strike should be universal? Come, answser me candidly?"

The men, true and honest, did not deny it.

"And possibly by this time you might have struck," said Mr. Hunter. "How much more 'fair' would that have been towards us than this lock-out, out to you?"

"Do you think that you alone are to meet and pass your laws and say you will coerce the masters, and that the masters will not pass laws in return?" "Nonsense, my men!"

A pause.

"When hence the masters attempted to interfere with your privileges, either by saying that your day's toll shall consist of longer hours, or by diminishing your wages, and threatening to turn you off if you do not comply?"

"Never. Masters have rights as well as men, but some of you, of late, have appeared to ignore the fact. Let me ask you another question. Were you well treated under me, or were you not?"

"Have I ever oppressed you, ever put upon you?"

No, Mr. Hunter had never sought to oppress them; they acknowledged it freely. He had even been a good master.

"I have attempted to call the attention of

the Navy Department and the country so often to this subject during the last seven years, that I almost hesitate to allude to it again, and I would not do so here but that I think the danger from these tremendous engines is very imminent but not at all apprehended."

Experience derived from accidental collisions shows that a vessel struck in the waist by a steam-boat at sea, will go down almost instantaneously, and involve, as has often happened, the loss of nearly all on board.

We fear the Navy Department has been

very short-sighted in this matter—and that Secretary Welles is not the right man in the right place.

There is probably little doubt now that the \$1,000,000. toll for new Ironclads will go through both Houses like a flash. Perhaps about the best thing, however, would be to take Norfolk, New Orleans, and all the other Southern seaports which possess facilities for providing the highly objectionable class of rebel vessels alluded to. The old proverb says that "delays are dangerous," and the end of the Merrimac has given the country another proof that the policy which postpones action, and takes things at its leisure, is by no means without its own peculiar risks and perils.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

THE IRONSIDES.

The country is at last completely awakened to the importance of iron-clad batteries and vessels of war. The raid of the Merrimac, or as the rebels call her, the Virginia—into Hampton Roads, and the deplorable consequences of that raid, have fully aroused every one to the dangers which further apathy would inflict upon us. Nothing but the apparently providential arrival of Captain Ericsson's new vessel, the Monitor, prevented the occurrence of the most shameful disaster, which has ever occurred in our naval annals.

Even yet the danger may not be passed.

If the rebels can make the Merrimac as

inulnerable and seaworthy as the Monitor appears to be, what is to hinder her from passing the Monitor, and sailing up the Potomac to Washington, or down the coast to Hatteras and Port Royal? One iron-clad, as it seems to us, may not be able to prevent another, equally invulnerable, from working an immensity of mischief. Suppose the Monitor, for instance, sails up to Norfolk—lets the Merrimac and the forts thunder at her, not replying to them at all—but simply devoting herself to the destruction of shipping and other defenceless and inflammable property, how is it to be prevented except by great loss of life in boarding? For boarding would be a difficultfeat, as her guns can be made to sweep her own deck. And what the Monitor could do, an equally invulnerable rebel ship could do also.

Such a vessel, once inside the port of New York, or opposite Washington or Philadelphia, could work it would appear, an infinite amount of damage. The balls from the forts would but rebound from her iron sides.

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have expressed it—circumvented. It cannot be supposed that this unsatisfactory state of things was unnoticed by the masters, and they took their measures accordingly. Forming themselves into an association, they discussed the measures best to be adopted, and determined upon a lock-out, that is, to close their yards until the firm whose workmen had struck should resume work; they also resolved to employ only those men who would sign an agreement, or memorandum, affirming that they were not connected with any society which interferred with the arrangements of the master whose service they entered, or with the hours of labor, and acknowledging the rights both of masters and men to enter into any trade arrangements on which they might mutually agree. This paper of agreement was not relished by the men at all; they styled it "the odious document." Neither

Fortress Monroe upon the Merrimac. Can not the Secretary of the Navy furnish the country with such an exhibition?

Donald McKay, the great ship builder, in his letter of December 3, 1861, showed our authorities, and the rebels also, how to transform a line-of-battle ship into a formidable battery. He said—

"Cut down all our line-of-battle ships one or two decks, case them with 5-inch iron plates, put a battery of 30 or 40 guns of the heaviest calibre on board of them, and moor them across the entrance of our harbors; place our heavy frigates with shell-proof iron plates, and make up for the additional weight put into them, do away with their armament on the upper deck."

Something like the above might be done without much delay. With two or three batteries of the kind described, Norfolk could be taken, or the rebels compelled to blockade themselves. We think the result proves that the Naval Department has been caught napping. Its attention has been called to the Merrimac, and the other iron-clads vessels in the course of preparation by the enemy, again and again. Mr. Ellet, the engineer, in his pamphlet published early in February, said—

"It is not generally known that the rebels have five steam ships, nearly ready for use. Of these five, two are on the lower Mississippi, two are at Mobile, and one is at Norfolk. The last of the five, the one at Norfolk, is doubtless the most formidable, being the United States steam frigate Merrimac, which has been so strengthened that, in the opinion of the rebels, it may be used as a ram."

"But we have not yet a single vessel at sea nor, so far as I know, in course of construction, able to cope at all with a well-rammed ram."

"If the Merrimac is permitted to escape from Elizabeth river, she will be almost certain to commit great depredations on our armed and unarmed vessels in Hampton Roads; and may even be expected to pass out under the guns of Fortress Monroe, and prey upon our commerce in Chesapeake Bay. Indeed, if the alterations have been skillfully made, and she succeeds in getting to sea, she will not only be a terrible scourge to our commerce, but may prove also to be a most dangerous visitor to our blockading squadrons off the harbors of the southern coasts."

"I have attempted to call the attention of the Navy Department and the country so often to this subject during the last seven years, that I almost hesitate to allude to it again, and I would not do so here but that I think the danger from these tremendous engines is very imminent but not at all apprehended."

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GALLANT FIGHTING.

Lieut. Geo. Upham Morris, who commanded the Cumberland during her action with the Merrimac, is a native of Massachusetts, and entered the navy from New York, August 18, 1846. Pennsylvania envies the old Bay State the possession of such a gallant son—a sailor worthy to rank with Paul Jones, Decatur, and Stewart, and Perry. One account says—

More than once during the action with the Merrimac the Cumberland was in a position to board her, and Lieut. Morris "called the boarders," but the peculiar construction of the enemy made it impossible for them to obtain access to her quarters, if even aboard. This he was therefore obliged to abandon.

When he found that the Cumberland must

inevitably sink, and that before long, he con-

sidered his duty to call all hands, and told them that, having done their duty, they were now at liberty to save themselves. He add- ed, however, that it was his intention to fight the ship until she went down. *In this last engagement, every man and boy responded with three cheers, and the assurance that they would stand by Morris to the last, and again they went to work with such a will as sailors do not equal to.* They promised no more than they performed, and nothing could have been more truly superb than their conduct from first to last, one and all, young and old.

Lieutenants, Surgeons, Chaplain, Masters, sailors and boys vied with each other. No ship's crew in any war ever surpassed that noble, devoted band who stood by the day on that day. The chaplain, the Rev. John L. Lenhart, a Pennsylvanian, was conspicuous in carrying ammunition for the guns, and in his devotion to the wounded, and is believed to have gone down when engaged in this latter duty. The last gun—one of the pivot guns—was fired by Acting Master William B. Randal, of Marblehead, Mass., who, just before the ship took her final plunge, remarked that at that stage of affairs, the Department would hardly ensure him if he burst the gun, and that he would try giving the rebels two rounds at once. Thereupon he double shot and double charged the gun, and firing it, took effect; and, judging from the rebel accounts, it is doubtless the one which did such damage on the Merrimac.

One of the rebel accounts says—

A gallant man fought that day—a man worthy to have maintained a better cause, gun after gun he fired, lower and lower sank his ship—his last discharge comes from his pivot gun, the ship bursts to starboard, now to port, his flag streams out wildly, and now to port, his gun smashes in the sides of the hull.

As we approached this novel naval won-

der, I was struck with the pertness of the Norfolk description of her as "a Yankee cheese box on a raft."

It gives a better idea of her appearance than any of the engravings or descriptions in the New York papers.

They all fail to afford a correct idea of the general appearance of the vessel, and especially when she is in action. She is oval-shaped, 172 feet long, 41 feet in width at the centre. Her hull rises perpendicularly out of the water, as straight all round, as the sides of a stone wall, and as flat on top as a table, *without any railings or guards around her.* She has two square smoke stacks about seven feet in height, but in time of action these are removed, and the smoke and steam come through grates in the deck, the iron of which is about eight inches thick. Nothing remains on her deck but the pilot-house, which is a square iron statue, about three feet high, about the size of an ordinary dry goods box.

This pilot house being square, is liable to

being hit with full force. It was in it that Capt. Worden was injured. The turret, being round, the shot strike it generally at an angle.

As the action of the story quickens there is

less dallying with by-play and accessories,

and in the grand culminating "Galloping of Threes" the words sweep on like a torrent,

and bear our breathless interest with them,

till we draw breath at last beside the lady

savaged from ruffian hands in the Luggernall Pass of the Rocky Mountains. This is the crisis of the story. From this point the tale

enters into the domain of the poetical.

As from the depths of the ocean, the

lady comes up, like a sunburst, to the surface,

and the pilot-house is the scene of

the grand culminating "Galloping of Threes."

As the lady comes up, the pilot-house

is the scene of the grand culminating

"Galloping of Threes."

As the lady comes up, the pilot-house

is the scene of the grand culminating

"Galloping of Threes."

As the lady comes up, the pilot-house

is the scene of the grand culminating

LADY BARBARA.

My brains within my English head
Are dancing La Tarantula,
For just beyond the initials laid
I saw my Lady Barbara.
And all my veins are filled with flame,
And all my comrades say the same.

The Lady Barbara sits always
In a bower of bush and jewellery,
Rose curtain shield her from the day,
And she sits and broders her brodery
And looks at her purple flowers which die
In her silver vase deliciously.

And her hair comes floating basily down
Like ripples which a fountain makes,
Woo of gold and warp of brown,
Like the color of Indian watermelons
And she moves it quick as a swallow's wing,
Or the wings of a bee that is murmuring.

I don't think she is a woman at all,

Her heart is made of chameleon-skin,
Covered over with portraits small
Of the lovers she has taken in.
And I think I can hear her silvery laugh,
As she looks at each poor little photograph.

Her heart is like a nantius shell
Afloat on seas of silver light,
Trimming and veering her sail so well
At every breath of air in the night.
And as quick to its nest as a harvest mouse,
Pffan! at a sound it's safe in its house.

You offer yourself unsk'd at her shrine,
A foolish calf at her altar signs.
She smiles—forgets you—and why repine?
Gods don't care much for one sacrifice.
Does Juggernaut care for his victim's moans,
Or is he to blame for their broken bones?

She sits in splendor like the sun,
Shining with nothing at all to do,
She expects to be worshipp'd by every one,
But she does not much care for me or for you.
She's a flirt and a hump—Halfe! Halfe!
Don't speak ill of my La'y Barbara.

C. ELTON.

THE BLOODHOUND'S REVENGE.

As many doubts have been cast upon the truth of the following story, I shall merely say, by way of preface, that I tell it as I heard it told, and that I believe it.

It is now six-and-twenty years ago last November, on the 18th day of the month, that the events occurred which I am about to relate. Twenty-six years ago, yes! on the 18th day of November one thousand eight hundred and twenty. I shall remember that date till my dying day.

My brother and I had gone to spend our vacation, at the invitation of an old friend, in a sparsely populated district of Herefordshire, for the purpose of recruiting our health and shooting over his extensive estates. He himself was away, so we preferred taking up our quarters in a snug lodge in the park, to living in the cheerless magnificence of an unoccupied mansion.

With us we brought a dog—it had been sent over from Spain a few months previously as a present to my brother. He was a bloodhound, and thorough-bred, standing full forty inches high, with tapering, muscular limbs, and with a countenance so intellectual and human in its expression, that, when at rest, it appeared as though it were working out some vast problem for the future benefit of his race. For myself, I shall never believe but that that dog was a deep thinker. It was curious to watch his eye, now turned upwards thoughtfully, as if it were seeking for some calculated result—now slowly dilating and brightening as though the result became plainer and plainer—now shooting out a bright ray of light, as though the long-expected illumination had burst upon him, and then slowly sinking down again, to brood upon and analyze his newly acquired theory.

Rudolph, for that was his name, was a grand dog, and of immense strength, but his slender legs, his finely cut head, and, let me add, his sensitive nose, gave him something at the appearance of an effeminate giant. Even we did not fully appreciate his enormous power till one day, on coming home, we found the iron chain that bound him snapped, and a large mastiff, that had dared to question his right to a bone, stretched dead at his feet.

Upon questioning our servant, he said he saw the mastiff jump over the low wall of the yard, and try to take possession of the bone, that Rudolph did little at first, but with a stroke of his paw, just struck the bone from the mastiff as soon as he had hold of it; that at last the mastiff, by a jerk, tossed it out of the reach of Rudolph's chain, and was following it, when, with a yell, he sprang to his feet, took a huge leap, snapped his chain, seized the mastiff by the throat, and before he (the servant) could come up, the big brute was dead.

The farmer to whom the mastiff had been longed called next day. Though greatly grieved at the loss of his dog, which had been a great favorite, he nevertheless refused all offers on our part to make restitution, and declared that his only motive for calling was to make the acquaintance of a dog powerful enough to kill such an animal as his mastiff.

Rudolph was produced, and behaved so well, and looked so handsome, that the farmer declared he had never seen such a dog; and requested, "if it wasn't making too bold," that we should come and lunch with him some day that week, to see his farm, and bring Rudolph with us. Knowing that we could depend on him as long as he was within sight, and loth to refuse so kind a return for an injury, not the less real because unintentional, we heartily accepted the invitation for all three.

A few days afterwards, then, in accordance with this invitation, we presented ourselves at the farmer's door. The house was a long, rambling structure, nowhere more than one story high, and stretched its shapeless length round three sides of a large farm-yard, containing the usual medley of pigs,

ducks, manure, chickens, cows, and straw. Our host received us very kindly, introduced us to his wife, a comfortable looking body, with six small children, two in her arms, and the others peeping timidly out of different folds of her gown like little chickens. They were nice, clean-looking, Saxon children, with white hair and blue eyes. The youngest, a pretty-looking girl of about two years old, was so dreadfully frightened at the sight of our big dog, that the mother was obliged to carry her off to bed, weeping piteously with terror, aggravated, perhaps, by the pain caused by the advent of sharp little teeth.

We were ushered into a large, low room, with a great fogot lazily ambling over the hearth, and a long table spread with a snowy, homespun cloth, and covered with substantial fare—cold sucking-pig, roast beef, and fowls. Presently the good wife came back, saying that her pretty darling had gone to sleep. The farmer produced a jug of sound old home-brewed, with an extra streak of malt in it, and what with that and the rest of the good cheer, and the good humor and pressing hospitality of our host and hostess, the first part of the day passed as pleasantly and merrily as could be. Presently, however, we were startled by hearing loud screams issuing from a distant part of the house; then they were hushed for a moment, and then they arose again louder than before. "The child! the child!" cried the mother, and rushed out of the room.

"Where's Rudolph?" said my brother.

"Oh, don't worry yourselves," said the farmer, with his mouth full; "the dawg's found its way to the child's room, and she's squealing. That's all."

And so it proved, for presently Master Rudolph made his appearance, walking, or crawling rather, with his belly close to the ground, and his tail between his legs, closely followed by the mother, who was scolding him sharply, and beating him with a stick. "I'll teach you to go frightening our poor little Mary, that I will—yes; and you killed poor Towser, too!" Now, whether it was at this reminiscence, or with anger brought to a pitch, as woman's anger often is, by the uninterrupted sound of her own voice, it matters little, but certainly the stick came down with greater violence than ever, and, as fate would have it, on the dog's head. He turned as if to leap at her, but seeing that I was looking at him, he retreated, but with his eye glaring with a passion which I could not believe a dog could feel or express. There was no mistaking it; it was look of unmixed hate.

"There is no time to be lost; we must set off immediately."

In two minutes we were on our way to the farmhouse, he taking the lead.

The house was about two miles distant, and we set off running. So engrossed were our thoughts, that we had gone some distance before we found out something that made us both suddenly stop.

It was snowing, and the ground was half changed from black to white.

"Dream coming true," we both muttered.

When we had got within a stone throw of our destination, we saw a large animal bounding away to our right, and I thought I saw something white in its mouth.

"Rudolph!" we both said, in a breath.

"Did you not see something white in its mouth?" I asked.

"No," said he; "it must have been the snow."

This seemed so reasonable an explanation, that I assented to it at once, and hastened onwards.

We agreed to go to the farmyard first, not wishing to disturb the house needlessly. All seemed still enough, till, looking up to the often mentioned window, we saw the farmer's wife in her night dress, standing just as I had seen her in my dream, gesticulating wildly. We heard her ejaculate, "Save it! save it!" and without waiting a moment, rushed back to the road.

It had left off snowing. The footsteps of the dog, thanks to the snow that had fallen, were plainly perceptible, and they turned off through a gap in the hedge. We followed.

Straight across the field showed the track, now lighted for a minute by the moon peeping out from a cloud, now lost again in the darkness. Over three fields we passed thus, when I saw, with terror hardly possible to describe, that the track became dotted, occasionally at first, and afterwards thicker and thicker, with small black dots. I stooped, and my worst fears were realized—it was blood. How that discovery spurred us on!

Over field and hedge and ditch we went, following that dreadful trail, which became more hideously apparent at every step. Over fences, through dykes, tearing, leaping, jumping, we went, caring not how, so that we only sped on with our heads pressed forward, our tongues hot in our mouths, and our hearts beating audibly. At last, to our surprise, we caught sight of Rudolph tearing away before us, then he leaped a low wall, and was lost. How could we possibly have caught him up? We were forced continually to deviate from the straight path, now in order to find a gap in some hedge through which we could crawl, now to discover a narrower path of some ditch over which to jump, now, on account of the darkness, losing the track altogether. How could we have caught him up? We soon came to the cause—a pool of blood. Here, then, he must have stopped to make an end to the struggles of his poor victim; here, then, he must have stayed to regale his brutal appetite!

"Well, Mr. Robbins," he said, "I had not intended to speak to-night, but if it will afford you any gratification, I will do so with pleasure."

"Shortly after, he rose and spoke, as you heard. I then said to him, 'Having heard your lordship, I have no wish to listen to anything after. I will take my leave. Should your lordship ever come to America, I shall be most happy to repay your courtesy.'

"Should I ever visit America," he answered, "I shall be most happy to avail myself of your kindness."

"I took my leave, and came home. This is the whole affair—a very simple matter, as you see; hardly worth relating, as I told you in the beginning."

The Englishmen had sat listening with staring eyes to this cool narrative, related in the quietest manner. Whether this was a true statement of the case, or whether it was an elaborate piece of mystification got up by the Reverend Luke, was never, I believe, explained. The fact, however, is undoubted, that he was introduced upon the floor of the House of Peers by Lord Brougham. How this was brought about, no one knows to this day but the two principals themselves.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Young Giles, who is just beginning to learn French, wants to know how it is, if they have no *en* in that language, that "them chaps can spell wagon."

BIRTHS AND THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

Munday's bairn is fair of face;
Tuesday's bairn is fu' of grace;
Wednesday's bairn's the child of woe;
Thursday's bairn has far to go;
Friday's bairn is loving and giving;
Saturday's bairn works hard for his living;
But the bairn that's born on the blythe Sunday
Is lucky, and bonny, and wise, and gay.

Young Giles, who is just beginning to learn French, wants to know how it is, if they have no *en* in that language, that "them chaps can spell wagon."

THE CLERGYMAN AND THE PEER.

In King street, London, is, or was some years ago, "Randall's Commercial Boarding-House," a favorite stopping-place for American travellers. Many Englishmen also frequented it, finding the *table d'hôte* more agreeable than the usual private dinners of the English hotels. Some years ago among the guests was the genial and eloquent Dr. M'Clintock, with a party of friends, and our clergyman, whom I will call the Rev. Luke Robbins, though that was not his name. One day "Mac"—as he is familiarly called, Doctor of Divinity though he be—said to the Reverend Luke:

"I had had a most dreadful dream. I dreamed that I was in the farm-yard that we had lately quitted, and that I saw Rudolph in the distance, carrying off something white, and the ground was covered with snow. Then I heard a shriek, and turning towards the place whence it seemed to proceed, I saw the farmer's wife at the little window, pointed out as that of the baby's room, and which was open, gesticulating wildly. Then I remembered calculating what an easy leap it would be, for a dog like Rudolph, on to the window-sill, and then I heard a voice crying out—'Save it! save it!' and then I was awaked. The first thing I said was, 'Is Rudolph safe?'

"I suppose so," said my brother, leaving the room.

Presently he cried: "Come here!"

I ran down stairs, and saw—an empty kennel. The servant had chained the dog carelessly and he had slipped his collar, and made off.

"A strange thing is mental electricity," resumed Mr. Grinber, after a short pause, during which he seemed greatly agitated with the recollections he had recited, and as if he found some difficulty in gathering up his strength to proceed—"very, very strange thing electricity."

We both gazed for a moment at the empty collar; then we both started, as if by a mutual and sudden impulse, and looked face to face; and then, without a word, I knew that he had observed the expression of the dog's eye, that he had as carefully concealed his fears as I had, and that he felt with myself, that to the farmhouse, and nowhere else, had the dog gone. He was the first to speak.

"There is no time to be lost; we must set off immediately."

In two minutes we were on our way to the farmhouse, he taking the lead.

The house was about two miles distant, and we set off running. So engrossed were our thoughts, that we had gone some distance before we found out something that made us both suddenly stop.

It was snowing, and the ground was half changed from black to white.

"Dream coming true," we both muttered.

"Indeed! How did you get your order?"

"I have no order."

"Then you cannot be admitted to the gallery."

"I am not going to the gallery. I shall go upon the floor."

"Impossible. No one is admitted there unless specially introduced by a Peer."

"Oh, I've travelled before; and I never found any difficulty in going where I wished, You'll see me there."

After infinite crowding and pushing, Dr. M'Clintock and his friend made their way to their places in the gallery. They were hardly seated when, looking down upon the door, they saw the Reverend Luke walk in, as calm as a summer morning, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, with the ugliest nose and the worst fitting pair of plaid trousers in the Three Kingdoms. There was no mistaking that nose. It was Lord Brougham. All the evening his lordship appeared much more attentive to his American friend than to the proceedings of the House. At length, among the small hours, Brougham arose and delivered a short but fiery speech. At its close the clergyman shook hands with his lordship, and walked out.

Returning to his hotel an hour later, Dr. M'Clintock found Mr. Robbins quietly sipping his coffee in the parlor, with a number of the English guests.

"Mr. Robbins," said the Doctor, "we saw you in the Peers' entrance, where I did not know that you were acquainted with him."

"I was not. I never saw him till to-night."

"You had letters of introduction to him?"

"No, nothing of the kind."

"Then how did you manage it?"

"It's a very simple affair—hardly worth mentioning," replied the Reverend Luke, indifferently. "But as you seem curious I will tell you, though it is hardly worth relating. I tell you, though it is hardly worth relating, that I am the most successful young tradesman may trace their difficulties to a want of proper caution in this respect. And who is there that would not shrink from it if burned you. Unpacked my valise for new stockings. Time was speeding. It was a quarter past eight; train at nine, no boats and no breakfast. I slipped on a pair of sandals rubbers, too large by inches for my naked foot, and while I shuffled along the hall, they played up and down on my feet. First, one shot off; that secured, the other dropped on the stairs; people that I met looked as if they thought that I was not well over my last night's spree."

As was very annoying. Reached the office and expressed my mind. First, the clerk rang the bell furiously three times, then ran forth himself, met the German boots, who had boots 79 in his hand, narrow and long, thinking, perhaps, I could wear them. Who knows but he was breakfasting. Here was a new vexation. Who was the man who had taken my number, and gone for my boots?—Somebody had them on, warm and nice, and was enjoying his coffee, while I walked up and down, with less and less patience, who had none too much at first. No servant returned. I rang again, and sent energetic and staccato messengers to the office. The master had been spilled on the floor. I stepped into it, of course. In winter, cold water feels a quarter past eight; train at nine, no boats and no breakfast. I slipped on a pair of sandals rubbers, too large by inches for my naked foot, and while I shuffled along the hall, they played up and down on my feet. First, one shot off; that secured, the other dropped on the stairs; people that I met looked as if they thought that I was not well over my last night's spree."

I was very annoyed. Reached the office and expressed my mind. First, the clerk

THE GOLDEN FUTURE.

AB, yes! ab, yes! we see it all,
A golden country gleams before us,
God still is God, what'er befall,
Flowers bloom below, stars radiate o'er us,
There gleams a golden land before us.

Above the mist, above the cloud,
Above the darkness and the thunder,
White storms are roaring, wild and loud,
Calm shines a world of awe and wonder,
And there is silence o'er the thunder.

Then, oh, my brothers, true and love;
A golden country lies before us,
With man around us, God above,
And truth and beauty domine o'er us,
A golden country gleams before us.

A WORD TO YOUNG MISTRESSES.

Do not be in a hurry, as soon as you are married, to hire a kitchenful of servants. Consider first what young men will properly allow, and what will really add to domestic comfort, rather than what will gratify your own regard to appearances.

Your parents may have been prosperous, and possessed of sufficient means to justify their keeping many servants; but that does not make it either necessary or right that you should do the same. Perhaps they did not when they were setting out in life, which may be one reason why they can afford to do it now.

As far as I am concerned, I shall not give you a claim to the same indulgence (if such it may be called) as it is your husband's circumstances, and not your parents', that you are now to consider. Not a few unsuccessful young tradesmen may trace their difficulties to a want of proper caution in this respect.

After infinite crowding and pushing, Dr. M'Clintock and his friend made their way to their places in the gallery. They were hardly seated when, looking down upon the door, they saw the Reverend Luke walk in, as calm as a summer morning, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, with the ugliest nose and the worst fitting pair of plaid trousers in the Three Kingdoms. There was no mistaking that nose. It was Lord Brougham. All the evening his lordship

THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

With bray of the trumpet,
And roll of the drum,
And keen ring of bugle,
The cavalry come.
Sharp clank the steel scabbards,
The bridle-chain ring,
And foam from red nostrils
The wild chargers fling.

Tramp! tramp! o'er the greensward
That quivers below,
Scarce held by the curb-bit
The fierce horses go:
And the grim-visaged colonel
With ear-rending shout,
Pleads forth to the squadrons
The order—"Trot out!"

One hand on the sabre,
And one on the rein,
The troopers move forward
In line on the plain.
As rings the word "gallop!"
The steel scabbards clank,
And each rowel is pressed
To a horse's hot flank:

As swift is their rush
As the wild torrent's flow
When it pours from the crag
On the valley below.

"Charge!" thunders the leader:
Like shaft from the bow
Each mad horse is hurled
On the wavering foe.

A thousand bright sabres
Are gleaming in sight,
A thousand dark horses
Are dashed on the square.

Restless and reckless
Of aught may befit,
Like demons, not mortals,
The wild troopers ride.

Cut right! and cut left!
For the party who needs
The bayonets shiver
Like wind-shattered reeds.

Vain—vain the red valley
That bursts from the square—
The random-shot bullets
Are wasted in air.

Triumphant, remorseless,
Unering as death—
No sabre that's stainless
Returns to its sheath.

The wounds that are dealt
By that murderous steel
Will never yield ease

For the surgeon to heal.

Hurrah! they are broken—
Hurrah! boys, they fly—
None linger save those
Who but linger to die.

Rein up your hot horses,
And call in your men—
The trumpets sound "Rally
To color!" again.

Some saddles are empty,
Some comrades are slain,
And some noble horses
Lie stark on the plain.

But war's a chance game, boys,
And weeping is vain.

THE INDIAN SCOUT.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

COMPLICATIONS.

While these events were taking place in Quiepa Tani, others we must narrate were occurring in the camp of the Gambusinos.

Don Miguel, after parting from Marksman at the outskirts of the forest, returned thoughtfully to the spot where his comrades awaited him. It was evident that the bold adventurer, dissatisfied in his heart at the turn affairs had taken, was meditating some desperate project to get near the maidens. He had spent several hours on the top of the isolated mound, which commanded the whole plain, and which we have before visited, and thence carefully studied the position of the city.

Clearly, this young man, with his ardent character and impetuous passions, consented very unwillingly to play a second part in an expedition in which he had been hitherto the leader; his pride revolted at being compelled to obey another, even though he were his devoted friend, and he could count on him as himself.

He reproached himself for allowing Marksman to expose himself thus alone to terrible dangers, for a cause which was his own. The true reason, however, which he did not dare confess to himself, that, in short, would have gladly made him brave the greatest perils, and evidently that instinct which impelled him to revolt secretly against Marksman's prudence, and to take his place at all risks, was his love for Dona Laura de Real del Monte.

He loved her with that powerful and invincible love, which only chosen natures are capable of experiencing; a love which grows with obstacles, and which, when it has once taken possession of the heart of a man like Don Leo, makes him accomplish the most daring and extraordinary deeds.

This love was the more deeply rooted in the young man's heart, because he was completely ignorant of its existence, and believed he merely acted through the affection he felt for the young girl, and the pity their unhappy position inspired him with. If it were so at the outset, as is true, for he did not know Dona Laura, matters had completely changed since.

A young man does not travel with impunity side by side with a maiden for more than a month, seeing her incessantly, talking with her at every moment of the day, and not fall in love with her.

There is in woman a certain charm, which we do not attempt to account for, which seems to emanate from their being, to be impregnated with all that surrounds them, which seduces and subjugates the strongest men involuntarily.

The silken rustling of their dress, the soft and airy turn of the waist, the intoxicating perfume of their floating tresses, the pure limpidness of their dreamy glance, which is turned toward heaven, and tries to guess the secrets of which they are ignorant; all, in short, in these incomprehensible and innocent beings, seems to command adoration, and appeal to love.

Dona Laura especially possessed that fascinating magnetism of the eye, that slightly infantile gentleness of smile, which annihilate the will.

"And the most exposed of us all is Marksman," Don Leo said, cutting Brighteye short, who sat, open-mouthed. "I am sorry that I let him go alone."

"He was not alone," the Canadian answered. "You know very well, Don Miguel, that Flying Eagle and his comitatu, as they call their wives, accompanied him."

Don Miguel looked at the hunter.

"Do you put great faith in the Redskins, Brighteye?" he asked him.

"Hun!" the latter remarked, scratching his head; "that is according; and if I must tell the truth, I will say that I do not trust them at all."

"You see, then, that he was really alone. Who knows what has happened to him in that accursed city, in the midst of those incarnate demons? I confess to you that my alarm is great, and that I am fearfully afraid of a catastrophe."

"Yet his disguise was perfect."

"Possibly, Marksman is thoroughly acquainted with Indian manners, and speaks their language like his mother tongue. But what will avail him, if he has been denounced by a traitor?"

"Holla!" Brighteye said; "a traitor? Whom are you alluding to?"

"Why, to Flying Eagle, caramba, or his wife, for only those two know him."

"Listen, Don Miguel," Brighteye remarked, seriously; "permit me to tell you my way of thinking frankly: you do wrong in speaking as you now do."

"I?" the young man exclaimed, sharply. "And why so, you please?"

"Because you only know very slightly—and what you know of them is good—the people you are disowning by that epithet. I have known Flying Eagle for many a long year; he was quite a child when I saw him for the first time, and I have always found in him the staunchest good faith and honor. All the time he remained in our company, he rendered us services, or, at any rate, tried to render them to us; and, to settle matters, all of us generally, and yourself in particular, are under great obligations to him. It would be more than ingratitude to forget them."

The worthy hunter uttered this defence of his friend with an ardor and firm tone which confounded Don Miguel.

Possibly Don Leo, hidden in the heart of the desert with the girl he had so miraculously saved, had for a few days caressed in his heart the hope of eternal happiness with her he loved, far from cities and their dangerous intoxication; but that thought, if ever he entertained it, had irrevocably faded away upon the fortuitous appearance of Don Mariano; the meeting with Dona Laura's father must eternally annihilate the plans formed by the young man.

Possibly Don Leo, hidden in the heart of the desert with the girl he had so miraculously saved, had for a few days caressed in his heart the hope of eternal happiness with her he loved, far from cities and their dangerous intoxication; but that thought, if ever he entertained it, had irrevocably faded away upon the fortuitous appearance of Don Mariano; the meeting with Dona Laura's father must eternally annihilate the plans formed by the young man.

The blow was a heavy one; still, thanks to his iron will, he endured it bravely, believing that it would be easy for him to forget the girl in the vortex of the adventurer's life to which he was condemned.

Unfortunately for Don Leo, he was obliged to undergo the common lot; that is to say, his love grew in an inverse ratio to the immovable obstacles that had suddenly arisen; and it was precisely when he recognized that she could never be his, owing to reasons of family and fortune, which raised an insurmountable barrier between them, that he understood it was impossible for him to live without her.

Then, no longer striving to cure the wound in his heart, he yielded completely to that love, which was his life, and only dreamed of one thing—to die in saving her he loved, so as to draw a word of gratitude from her in his final hour, and perhaps leave a soft and sad memory in her soul.

We can understand that, under such feelings, Don Leo absolutely insisted on delivering the maidens himself; hence, from the moment he parted from his friend, he thought of nothing but the means to enter the city, and see her.

It was in this temper that he returned to the camp. Don Mariano was sad; Brighteye himself seemed to be in a bad temper; in short, all conspired to plunge him deeper and deeper in his gloom.

Several hours passed, and the adventurers did not interchange a word, but at about two in the afternoon, the hour of the greatest heat, the sentries signalled the approach of a party of horsemen. All ran to their arms, but soon saw that the new comers were Ruperto and his comitatu, whom Don Mariano's servants had found and brought with them.

Bermudez, following the injunctions he had received from Marksman, had wished Ruperto to shut himself up with his men in the river cavern; but the hunter would listen to nothing, saying that his comrades had gone further on the sacred soil of the Redskins than they had ever done before; that they ran the risk at any moment of being crushed by numbers, massacred, or made prisoners, that he would not abandon them in such a critical position without trying to go to their help; and so, in spite of all the crado's observations, the worthy hunter, who possessed a tolerably strong share of obstinacy, pushed on, until he at length found the encampment of his friends.

Twice or thrice during his journey he had come to blows with the Indians; but these slight skirmishes, far from moderating his ardor, had no other result than to urge him to haste; nor now that the Redskins knew that detachments of paizaches were wandering in the vicinity of the city, would he not fall to assemble in large numbers, in order to deal a great blow, and free themselves from all their daring enemies at once.

The arrival of the Gambusinos was greeted with shouts; Ruperto especially was heartily welcomed by Don Miguel, who was delighted at this reinforcement of resolute men at the moment he least expected it.

A young man does not travel with impunity side by side with a maiden for more than a month, seeing her incessantly, talking with her at every moment of the day, and not fall in love with her.

Ruperto was the more pleased at his happy idea of pushing on, when he learned that there were not only Redskins encampments in the vicinity, but that one of their most savage and subjugating the strongest men was close at hand.

"Canarios!" he said, "we shall have to keep sharp watch, if we do not wish to lose our scalps ere long. These incarnate demons will not let us tread their soil in peace."

"Yes," Don Leo remarked, carelessly; "I believe we had better not let ourselves be surprised."

"Hum!" Brighteye remarked; "it would be a disagreeable surprise that brought a swarm of Redskins on our backs. You cannot imagine how those devils fight, when they are in large bodies. I remember that, in 1851, when I was—"

"And the most exposed of us all is Marksman," Don Leo said, cutting Brighteye short, who sat, open-mouthed. "I am sorry that I let him go alone."

"Is that the truth? Are you really the man to attempt such an enterprise?" Don Miguel exclaimed, joyously.

The hunter looked at him in surprise.

"Do you doubt it?" he said. "When did you ever hear me boast of things which I was not capable of doing?"

"Do not be angry, my old friend," Don Miguel answered, quickly; "your words caused me so much pleasure that, at the first blush, I did not dare to believe them."

"You must always put faith in my words, young man," Brighteye remarked, sententiously.

"Do not be afraid," Don Miguel said, with a laugh, "in future I will not doubt them."

"All right, then."

"Listen to me. If you like, we will attempt the affair together."

"Enter the city?"

"Yes."

"By Jove! that is an idea," Brighteye answered, quite delighted.

"Is it not?"

"Yes; but how shall we manage to get in?"

"Lowe that all to me."

"Good! Then I will not trouble myself about it further; but there is another matter."

"What now?"

"We are not presentable in this state," the hunter said, pointing, with a laugh, to his attire.

"By painting my face and hands, I might pass at a push; but you cannot."

"That is true. Well, let us alone, I will prepare an Indian dress with which you can find no fault. During that time, do you dis-"

gnise yourself in your way?"

"It will soon be done."

"And mine too."

The two men rose delighted, though probably from different reasons. Brighteye was happy at going to his friend's assistance, while Don Miguel only thought of Dona Laura, whom he hoped to see again.

At the moment they rose, Don Mariano stopped them.

"Are you speaking seriously, Caballeros?" he asked them.

"Certainly," they answered; "most seriously."

"Very good, then. I shall go with you."

"What?" Don Miguel exclaimed, falling back in stupefaction. "Are you mad, Don Mariano? You, who do not know the Indians, and cannot speak a word of their language, to venture into this wasp's nest. It would be suicide."

"No!" the old man answered, resolutely.

"I wish to see my child again."

Don Miguel had not the courage to confront his comrade's obstinate silence; the worthy hunter was rather fond of talking, especially under circumstances like those he found himself in at present; hence he resolved to make his companion talk,—in the first place, to hear a human voice, a reason which, fortunately for themselves, persons whose life is sedentary, and exempt from those great heart storms, which yet endow existence with such charms,—will not understand; but the hunter's second reason was still more impulsive than the first; now that he had embarked on this desperate enterprise, he wished to obtain certain information from Don Miguel, as to the mode in which he intended acting, and the plan he meant to adopt.

So near the city, and in an entirely unoccupied plain, there was very slight risk of the adventurers meeting with Indians, the only men they were exposed to meet were scouts, sent out to reconnoitre, in the extremely improbable event that the Indians, contrary to their usual habit of not making any movement during the night, had considered it necessary to send out a few men to survey the environs.

The two men could therefore talk together without danger, save from some extraordinary accident, though, of course, careful not to speak above their breath, and to keep eyes and ears constantly on the watch, so as to notice a danger so soon as it arose.

Brighteye, after coughing gently to attract his comrade's attention, said, looking around him somewhat impatiently—

"What do you mean?"

"A very simple thing. Don Miguel and myself are going to mix among Indians, whom we shall have great difficulty in deceiving, though we know them. If you accompany us, the following will inevitably happen.—At the first glance, the Redskins will see you are a white man, and then, you understand, nothing can save you, or us either. Now, if you insist, we will be off. I am ready to follow you. A man can only die once, so as well to day as to tomorrow."

Don Mariano sighed.

"I was mad," he muttered. "I knew not what I said. Pardon me, but I so longed to see my daughter again."

These words produced a sensation on the hearers, there was a momentary silence, which the Canadian soon broke, by continuing—

"But I am not angry with you. You are young, and, from that very fact, your tongue often goes faster than your thoughts; but, I entreat you, pay attention to it, for it might entail dire consequences. But enough on the subject. I remember a singular adventure which occurred to me in 1851. I was coming

to the city, and I was to be a scout for the Indians."

"How so?" Don Miguel asked, absently.

"The circumstances were almost similar. I wanted to save a young girl, who had been carried off by the Indians. It was in 1851. I was then in the service of the Fur Company. The Blackfoot Indians, to avenge a trick played on them by a scamp of an Englishman, hit on nothing better than surprising Mackenzie town."

"Listen!" Don Miguel said, seizing his comrade.

"Do you hear nothing?"

The Canadian, so suddenly interrupted, as he jumped into the canoe, in the middle of which he laid himself down, in accordance with his comrade's instructions. The latter followed him with a toss of the head, and took up the paddles, which he only employed, however, with an affected carelessness, which gave the boat a slow and measured movement.

"Look you," the hunter continued, "in the way we are moving, if there are any of those red devils on the watch, they will certainly take me for one of their comrades out fishing late, and returning to the village."

Still, by degrees, and almost imperceptibly, the hunter increased

language employed by the sentry, "but I have brought in some splendid fish."

"Eh!" the warrior remarked, seriously. "Can I see them?"

"Not only can my brother see them," the Canadian answered, graciously, "but I authorise him to select any one he pleases."

"Och! my brother has an open hand. The Wacanda will never allow it to be empty. I accept my brother's offering."

"Hum!" Brighteye muttered; "it is astonishing how the poor devil takes the bait. He does not at all suspect that he is the fish."

And with this philosophical reflection he continued his progress. Soon after, the canoe glided on the sand. The Indian, affected by the Canadian's deceptive offer, would not be beaten by him in politeness, so he seized the side of the boat and began pulling it up.

"Wah!" he said, "my brother has had a fine fishing, for the canoe is very heavy."

While saying this, he went down to get a better hold, and began trying anew. But he had no time; Don Miguel bounded from the boat, and, clubbing his rifle, dealt a terrible blow of the butt on the wretched Indian's skull. The poor sentry was killed at once, and rolled on the sand without uttering a cry.

"There!" Brighteye cried, as he got out in his turn, "that man, at any rate, will not do us."

"We must get rid of him now," Don Miguel observed.

"That will not take long."

The implacable hunter then selected a heavy stone, placed it in the Redskin's free sand, and let him glide softly into the water. So soon as this was effected, and every trace of the murderer was removed, they drew the canoe on land by the side of the others, and prepared to start. At this moment the real difficulties of the enterprise began for them. How should they find their way in a strange city in the dark? When and how to find Markman? These two questions seemed equally impossible of solution.

"Wah!" Brighteye at length said, "it must be no more difficult to follow a trail in a city than on a plain. Let us try."

The first thing is to get away from here as soon as possible."

"Yes, the place is not healthy for us, but suppose we try to find the great square. There people generally expect to get useful information."

"At this hour? That seems to me rather difficult."

"On the contrary. We will hide till daybreak. The first Redskin who passes within reach, we will oblige to give us news of our friend. A great physician, like him, must be well known, hang it all," he added, with a laugh. A gavet which Don Miguel shared with all his heart.

Singular was the carelessness and recklessness of these two men, in the centre of a city they had entered by killing one of its inhabitants, where they knew they would meet only enemies, and where dangers were, on all sides, hanging over their heads, they still found themselves as much at their ease as if they had been among friends, and laughed and jested together just as if their position were the most *assured* in the world.

"Wah!" Brighteye continued, "we are in a very safe labyrinth. Do you not think with me that there is a frightful smell of broken bones about here?"

"Who knows? Perhaps we shall get out of it better than we fancy."

"One thing is certain, we shall soon know all."

"Let us take that street in front of us. It is wide and well laid. Something tells me it will lead us right."

"Heaven's mercy! that is as good as an other."

The hunters entered the street ahead of them. Accident had served them well. After ten minutes' walk, they found themselves at the entrance of the great square.

"There," Brighteye said, in a tone of delight, "luck is with us. We cannot complain, besides, it must be so. Accident always favors madmen, and in that character we can claim its entire sympathy."

"Silence!" Don Miguel said, sharply.

"There is some one."

"Where?"

The young man extended his arm in the direction of the Temple of the Sun.

"Look!" he cried.

"So there is," Brighteye muttered, a moment later, "but that man appears to be doing like us. He is evidently on the watch. What reason can he have for being up so late?"

After arranging matters, in a few words, the two adventurers separated, and crept, from different sides, toward the night watcher, hiding themselves, as well as they could, in the shadow, which was not an easy task. The moon had risen some time previously, and spread a weak light, it is true, but sufficient to let objects be distinguished for a considerable distance. The man on whom the adventurers were advancing still remained motionless at the spot where they had seen him; his body bent forward, his ear leaning against the door of the temple, he seemed to be listening carefully. Don Miguel and Brighteye were not more than six paces off, and were preparing to rush on him, when he suddenly drew himself up. They with difficulty suppressed a cry of surprise.

"Flying Eagle!" they muttered.

But, although they spoke so low, the other heard them, and immediately sounded the darkness with a piercing glance.

"Wah!" he said, on perceiving the two men, and resolutely advanced.

The adventurers left the shadow that protected them, and waited. When Flying Eagle had arrived almost close to them,—

"It is I," Don Miguel said to him.

"And I," Brighteye added.

The Comanche Chief fell back in a state of stupor impossible to describe.

"The gray head here!" he exclaimed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MANASSAS EVACUATED.

THE REBELS EVACUATE MANASSAS AT THE LEISURE. THEY DESTROY ALL THEY CAN NOT CARRY OFF. ENTREPRENEURS NOT REMARKABLE—RETREAT TO ANOTHER LINE OF DEFENCE BEHIND THE APPALACHIANA—DISCREET COURSE OF WAR—EVACUATION OF WINCHESTER.

The first certain and credible report of the retreat of the enemy from Manassas was brought to General Kearny by a negro. He gave such minute particulars as to induce General Kearny to move forward from Fairfax.

He was at Fairfax court-house on Sunday morning (week) when the negro came in, and Kearny immediately sent word to Washington.

The New Jersey brigade followed up the information, and was the first to raise the stars and stripes over the abandoned fortifications. It was the advance of the Jersey blues which struck a panic in the hearts of the rear-guard of the rebels and sent them pell-mell towards Gordonsville, where they are now concentrating.

An officer reported to several Senators that Manassas has been evacuated by the rebels over a month. But this can hardly be true in the main. It is probable that they have been sending away troops ever since Beauregard left Manassas; but the general evacuation did not take place until Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, as the evidences of a panic are everywhere presented. They left army wagons, an engine, and other valuables, which they had not time to destroy. Their course on the lower Potomac shows that they ran

McMullan's idea, it is said, was to intercept them on the Rappahannock and get them be two twin branches of our army, but the rebels were too quick for him, and made their escape.

It is a singular fact that a council of the division general was held at Washington on Saturday night, at which twelve of them are said to have been present, and that they decided, by a vote of eight to four, that an advance upon Manassas would not be practicable before April. The four who voted for immediate action were McDowell, Heintzelman, Sumner, and Keyes, all of whom were chosen by the President as commanders for the *corps d'armes*. The vote of the council was overruled by the President and Secretary Stanton, who have had enough of delay and "mean business," as the ring leaders say.

General McClellan has been in Virginia since Monday, and there are no indications of his return.

General Lee has been appointed General in chief of the rebel forces, and their retreat from Manassas is formally announced as having been caused by the adoption of a new line of defences, of which Staunton, Gordonsville, and Fredericksburg are the main points.

The Richmond *Examiner* says—"Considerable uneasiness is manifested by the public on account of the reports of our forces falling back from Manassas and the Upper Potomac."

Positive assurance is given that these movements have not been made on account of the pressure of the enemy, but are purely strategic. General Johnston has the confidence of the Administration, and it is certain that a new line of defence will be organized.

The points have not been selected, but it is thought probable that the line of defence will extend from Staunton to Gordonsville. A deposit of provisions is now being established at the latter place.

There is little, if any doubt, that the rebels have retreated towards Gordonsville, and that they now wait their advance at the Rapidan River—thirty miles extending back to Gordonsville, a distance of twelve miles. Gordonsville is situated at the junction of the Orange and Alexandria and the Virginia Central Railroad, about six miles south-west of Manassas, and sixty-five miles north-west of Richmond.

The Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* says—The fortifications look, of a distance, formidable, extending from a point half a mile north of Centreville away off to the south as far as the eye can reach. We rode up to them, and found them mere dirt trenches and sand forts. They have been evidently laid out by an engineer who under stood his business, but have been constructed by men who merely wanted to pin in the time.

There has never been a single heavy gun mounted on them. Entrenchments have been made and logs of wood run out in all of them. All were so arranged, however, that field artillery could be used in them. The floors on which they could have stood were high rock beds, one inch thick, and would not have lasted through a single discharge, but were to be conducted.

It is evident that they were to have been suspended from these devices. In the head, at the opposite end, two inch hole with a screw similar to the thread on a gas pipe, in which a plug is fitted, no doubt for the purpose of charging the machine with its combustibles. Its capacity is equal to one bushel of powder and destructive missiles.

On the side, about the centre of the cylinder, is a small hole with a thread cut in the same, to receive, it is to be presumed, a pipe through which the explosive appurtenances are to be conducted.

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CAPT. ERICSSON'S STATEMENT.

Captain Ericsson recently made the following speech before the N. Y. Chamber of Commerce. He said:

I have the great satisfaction to tell the gentlemen that this morning, a few minutes after I was called upon to attend this meeting, I got a letter from Mr. Stimers. I sent a copy of it to the Evening Post, so that the press should have it in the morning. I will now read you Capt. Stimers's letter:

IRON CLAD MONITOR, Hampton Roads, March 9, 1862.

My Dear Sir:—After a stormy passage, which proved us to be the first to be successful in our efforts to capture, and sent her back to Norfolk in a sinking condition, Iron clad against iron clad. We maneuvered about the bay here, and went at each other with mutual ferocity. I consider that both ships were well fought. We were struck twenty two times—pilot-house twice, turret nine times, side armor eight times, deck three times. The only vulnerable point was the pilot-house. Once the gun was fired 19 by 12 inches this is broken in two. This shot struck just outside of where the captain had his eye, and it has disabled him by destroying his left eye, and temporarily blinding the other.

That is proved since not to be so. It was imagined at first that his eye was lost.

The iron is not quite in two, but is broken and pressed inward $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

This shows the immense force of these shots. This beam is 9 inches by 12, and of the best wrought iron. This gives an idea of the difficulty of resisting this shot, and yet we have succeeded in the turret in doing so.

She tried to run us down, and sink us as she did the Cumberland, yesterday, but she got the worst of it. Her bow passed over our deck, and our sharp, upper-edged side cut through the light iron shot upon her stem, and well into her bow. She will not try that again. She gave us a tremendous thump, but did not injure us in the least. We are just able to find the point of contact.

That is gratifying, that after such a concussion, it was difficult to see where she struck her.

The turret is a splendid structure. I don't think much of the shield, but the pendulum are fine things, though I cannot tell you how they would stand the shot, as they were not hit.

The shield is an extra thickness of two inches on the fighting side. It was placed there principally on account of the sound. I was afraid that the force of the shock would knock the men down.

You were very correct in your estimate of the effect of shot upon the man on the inside of the turret when it was struck near him. Three men were knocked down, of whom I was one; the other two had to be carried below, but I was not disabled at all, and the others recovered before the battle was over.

Before the Monitor left, I charged the officer particularly to tell the men not to be frightened. I told him to tell the men, let every man go down on his knees, and don't be alarmed when the rebel shot strikes you, because it won't hurt you. They all put the question to him,—"Won't the shot go through?" "No," says he, "it will stay out." "Then we don't care," they said. But for this precaution, there would have been great consternation when the turret was struck.

You may estimate the shock, when a shot of 200 lbs. weight, moving at the rate of 2,000 feet in a second, strikes within a foot of a man's head.

Capt. Worden stationed himself at the pilot house, Greene fired the guns, and I turned the turret until the Captain was disabled, and was relieved by Greene. When I managed the turret myself, Master Stoddard being one of the two stunned men.

I proposed to the captain to let the sailing master turn the turret. On one side of the turret there is a telescope, a reflector, the image being bent by a prism. This sailing master, who has nothing to do on the Monitor, I proposed that he should be stationed there. He not only looked through the telescope, but by means of a small wheel he turned the turret just exactly where he liked. He did that to admiration, pointing it exactly on the enemy. As the Monitor went round, the turret kept turning (it do not astonish Capt. Buchanan), so that wherever the Monitor was, in whatever position it was placed, the two bulldogs keep looking at him all the time.

Capt. Ericsson, I congratulate you upon your great success. Thousands have this day blessed you. I have heard whole crews cheer you. Every man feels that you have saved this place to the nation by furnishing us with the means to whip, having it all her own way that was, until our most powerful vessels.

I am, with much esteem,

Very truly yours,

ALBAN C. STIMERS,

Capt. J. Ericsson, No. 96 Franklin street, New York.

I cannot permit this opportunity to pass without saying that I look upon the success of that as being entirely owing to the presence of a master mind. The men were new; their passage had been very rough, and the master had to put his vessel right under the heaviest guns that are ever worked on a shipboard.

It is evident that but for the presence of a master mind on board of that vessel, that success could not have been achieved. Capt. Worden, no doubt, acquitted himself in the most masterly manner. But everything was quite new. He felt quite nervous before he went on board. The fact that the bulk of the vessel was but one foot above the water-line was enough to make him so. When I was before the Naval Committee, the grand objection was that in the sea way the vessel would not work. I gave it as my opinion that it would prove the most easy working in sea way, and it is an excellent sea boat. The men are supplied with fresh air, though there is no opening except through the turret, by means of blowers worked by the engines, and they are perfectly comfortable. They can remain on the top of the turret in the sea way; it's 64 feet in circumference—quite a promenade. Though the deck but a foot above the water-line, the top of the turret is nine feet above; and here is the important point, that this vessel is in the sea way perhaps the safest vessel ever built. It takes 670,000 lbs. to bring her down.—There can be no danger of her swamping. It is very much like a bottle with a cork in it. In relation to the point, whether the Monitor is capable of taking care of the Merrimac, let me say that she would have sunk the Merrimac but for the fact of her having fired too high. If they had kept off at a distance, the shot would have gone clear through. But Capt. Stimers had the guns elevated a little, and the rest of the Merrimac is so strong that the balls rebounded. Next time they encounter the Merrimac they will leave the guns level, and they won't mind if the ball strikes the water, because the ricochet will take it where they want it. The next time they go out, I predict the third round will sink the Merrimac. There is another great point. They had 50 wrought iron shot which were not used. Capt. Dalgren issued peremptory orders that they should not be used, and they obeyed these orders. Now, wrought iron shot is one thing, and a cast iron shot is another. A wrought iron shot cannot break. The side armor of the Merrimac is insufficient to resist it. The channel is very narrow, and the Merrimac must follow it. But the Monitor can go anywhere, and take the very best position.

A Member—How often can they fire?

Mr. Ericsson—In about one minute and a

half. It is often said one gun would be sufficient, but it is not so. By having two guns, you have time for one to cool. You may depend upon it that if the Merrimac comes out again she will be sunk.

Mr. Wetmore—I should like to ask of Capt. Ericsson whether he has heard that one of his shot entered the Merrimac, killed 17 men, and wounded Capt. Buchanan, who has since died?

Mr. Ericsson—I have not.

Mr. Brown—It must have been a shell. Mr. Ericsson—That is not possible; but if a solid shot goes through the Merrimac, the armor would be carried in a great many splinters; the shot weighing 185 lbs. there would be a regular shower of wood and iron; but it is quite well ascertained that a shell cannot pass an iron plate two inches thick.

You can hardly imagine what commotion would take place from such a shot. The decks would be almost literally removed.

A Member—I would like to ask of Capt. Ericsson whether his battery could not be erected on various points in our harbor for its defense?

Mr. Ericsson—I imagine that the best

kind of a harbor defense is a floating structure, that can be removed from place to place.

The Member—You can move this turret in any direction, and save all the expense of your vessel, and you require only a small steam-engine?

Mr. Ericsson—This vessel is equal to twenty ty. It can move from place to place. In this battery you have a vessel that draws only 12 feet of water. The Warrior, drawing 34 feet of water, must come in the middle of the channel, and we could move along the shore. By means of one single floating battery, you could defend the harbor better than by twenty forts. That is easily demonstrated.

CONGRESSIONAL.

In the House of Representatives, on the 12th, Mr. Ashley (Rep.), of Ohio, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill providing temporary Provisional Governments over the districts of the country in rebellion against the United States. The President is authorized to take possession and institute such Governments with the aid of the military and naval power; Governors, &c., are to be appointed, and legislative assemblies and courts established, to continue till the people form new State Governments.

After debate, it was laid on the table by yeas 65, nays 56. The nays all Republicans, and the other two had to be carried below, but I was not disabled at all, and the others recovered before the battle was over.

Resolved, That the United States ought to co-operate with any state, which may adopt gradual abolition of slavery, giving to such state pecuniary aid to be used by such state in its discretion, to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system.

Mr. Wickliffe moved to table the resolution.

Disagreed to. Yeas 34; nays 81.

The resolution was then passed. Yeas 88; nays 33, as follows:

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Wit and Humor.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

A friend of mine was married to a scold. To me he came and all his troubles told. Says he: "She's like a woman raving mad." "Aye!" said I, "my friend, that's very bad." "No, not so bad," said he, "for with her, true, I had both house and land and money, too." "That was well," said I. "No, not so well," said he; "for I and her own brother Went to law with one another. I was cast, the suit was lost; And every penny went to pay the cost." "That was bad," said I. "No, not so bad," said he; "For we agreed that he the house should keep, And give to me four score of Yorkshire sheep, All fat and fair and fine they were to be." "Well, then," said I, "sure that was well for these." "No, not so well," said he; "For when the sheep I got, They ev'ry one died with the rot." "That was bad," said I. "No, not so bad," said he; "For I had thought to scrape the fat, And keep it in an open vat, Then into tallow melt for winter store." "Why them?" said I, "that's better than before." "No, not so well," said he; "For having got a clumsy fellow To scrape the fat, and make the tallow, Into the melting fat the fire catches, And, like brimstone matches, Burnt my house to ashes!" "That was bad," said I. "No, not so bad," said he; "For what is best, My scolding wife is gone among the rest."

THE SOLDIER AND THE TEAMSTER.

The soldiers in Kentucky are famous for practical jokes, and are constantly on the look-out for subjects. One was recently procured in the person of a teamster, who had charge of six shabby mules. John was also the proprietor of two bottles of old Bourbon—a contraband in camp—which a wag discovered and resolved to possess. Aware that the driver's presence was an impediment to the theft, he hit upon the following plan to get rid of him.

Approaching the driver, who was busily engaged in currying his mules, he accosted him with—

"I say, old fellow, what are you doing there?"

"Can't you see?" replied John, gruffly.

"Certainly," responded the wag, "but that is not your business. It is after tattoo, and there is a fellow hired by the General who carries all the mules and horses brought after tattoo."

The mule driver bit at once, and wanted to know where the "hair dresser" kept himself. Whereupon he was directed to Gen. Nelson's tent, with the assurance that there was where the fellow "hung out."

"You can't mistake the man," said the wag; "he is a large fellow, and puts on a thundering sight of airs for a man in his business. He will probably refuse to do it, and tell you to go to the devil, but don't mind that, he has been drinking to-day. Make him come out, sure."

John posted off, and entering the tent where Gen. Nelson, of the 4th Division, sat in deep reverie, probably considering the most expeditious method of expelling the rebel Buckner from his native state, slapped him on the back with sufficient force to annihilate a man of ordinary size.

Springing to his feet, the General accosted his invited guest with—

"Well, sir, who are you, and what the de vil do you want?"

"Old hoss, I've got a job for you now—six miles to be curried, and right off, too," said the captain of the mules, nothing daunted at the flashing eye of the general.

"Do you know who you are addressing, sir?" asked the indignant commander.

"Yes," said John, elevating his voice to a pitch which rendered the words audible a square off, "you are the fellow hired by Uncle Sam to clean mules, and I won't have any foolishness. Clean them mules, and I'll give you a drink of bushwhack."

"You infernal villain!" exclaimed the General, now perfectly furious. "I am General Nelson, commander of this Division."

John placed the thumb of his right hand against his nose, and extending his fingers, waved them in a manner supposed by some to be indicative of great wisdom.

The General's sword leaped from the tent just in time to save his head.

The boys drank the "big mule driver's" health in Bourbon.

The story soon got out, and is now the joke of the season.

SOME PUNKINS.—There was a farmer (somewhere) who devoted his attention exclusively to growing pumpkins, by which he succeeded in bringing them to an enormous size, so that he would chop with an axe a cartload of pieces to take to the market without sensibly diminishing the size of the pumpkin. However, one day as he was cutting away at a new pumpkin, his axe slipped, and fell through into the pumpkin; so he started off to his neighbor's and borrowed a lantern, and descended into the pumpkin, but when he got to the bottom he was surprised to find there another man, who immediately demanded of him what he had come down for. "I've come," says he, "to look for my axe, which I have lost in here."—"Well," says the other, "you may go back again instant, for I have been here these three weeks looking for my horse, and have not yet been able to get a sight of him."

"Good morning, Smith, you look sleepy." "Yes," replied Smith, "I was up all night." "Up where?" "Up stairs, in bed."

HAD BETTER ASK HIM.—The Rev. Mr. W.—was a preacher in Monticello, but the society being not of sufficient size to maintain a whole minister, he preached one Sunday in Monticello, one in Rockland, and one in another adjacent town. In going to Rockland he had to go over the turnpike, and he noticed there the frequent inquiring looks of the gate keeper, who proved to be a Yankee in every sense of the word, but said nothing, until one day, when the keeper was making change, he turned to the minister and said—

"I thought, mister, some time when you was going this way, I would ask you what your business is, and what your name is."

"Well," replied the minister, "some time when I am coming this way, and you have leisure, you had better ask me."

NEXT A MEDICAL STUDENT.—Thackray's young lady, who abused a gentleman for associating with low, radical literary friends, must have had about as elevated an opinion of literature as an Irishman I lately heard of had of the medical profession, as represented by its non-commissioned officers.

My friend Bob handed his man-servant some books to return to the Franklin Library. No notice, a few minutes afterwards, while passing through the hall, that he was busily wrapping them up in a newspaper, he asked him what he was doing that for.

"Och, shure, Mr. ——, I'm afraid, if they say me carrying books round under me arm, they'll be after taking me for a may day student."

A QUIET JOKE.—The celebrated John Wesley, with all his ministerial gravity, was addicted to joking once in a while. His servant, Michael Fenwick, complained that his name never was mentioned in the published Journal. Wesley, in the next number, said "I left Epworth with great satisfaction, and about one preached at Clayton. I think none were unmoved but Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining hayrick."

SYRIAN LEGENDS.

THE ANTS' ROCK, AND THE FISHERMAN WHO THOUGHT HE WAS WIDER THAN GOD.—In riding along the beach of the western side of the Sea of Galilee, a few minutes before we arrived at Mejdel, I noticed a largish rock, perhaps five feet square, standing a couple of three feet out of the water, close to the shore. It is called Hajer-en-Nummieh, the Ants' Rock, and a peasant of Safed, who was riding with us, told me its story, as follows:

A fisherman was out day fishing here, and as he came out of the water with his net, he passed close to this stone, and when he looked at it, lo! he noticed that there were many ants running about upon it, and he said to himself, "Truly the water surrounds this stone, so that the ants cannot get on shore, and though they may sustain their lives for a time, yet in the end they must all be starved and die." And he was greatly moved with pity for the ants; wherefore he went on shore, and getting earth and stones made a bridge from the land to the rock, that the ants might be able to go backwards and forwards. Now this he did ignorantly, and also foolishly, as the event proved, for God immediately struck him with blindness, because he ought to have considered that the placing the stone where it was, was the act of God, who cares for all His creatures, and does nothing without a wise and sufficient purpose, and that He would not have caused the ants to live on that stone without making necessary provision for them. And indeed the ants still dwell there, though the bridge which the fisherman made has long since been destroyed, and is as though it had never

existed.—George Grove.

TO RAISE A REVENUE.

A contemporary hopes Congress will put a tax of one dollar upon every man under sixty who carries a cane; a tax of two dollars upon ladies owning poodles; a tax of one dollar upon all gentlemen under thirty

who wear eye glasses; a tax of nine shillings upon ladies who wear three or more ruffles, a tax of five dollars upon all pretty women who wear veils, and a tax of ten dollars upon all ugly women who don't, a tax of two dollars and a half upon people who go wandering round to different churches and don't pay

any paw tax; a tax of twenty-five cents upon every person, who reads a newspaper he

don't subscribe to or purchase; a tax of one hundred dollars upon any person, male or female, who gets into an omnibus or car when it is already full, and a tax of ten cents upon every person in Boston who pulls who who out when the alarm is striking 12 M. This would give us a big income.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.—When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant's handing it to him in a saucer, and asking if he would have it, the Duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy is expressed by them. He who had commanded the greatest armies in Europe, and was long accustomed to the tone of authority, did not despise or overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah, how many boys do! What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mothers. They order so. This is ill-bred and unchristian, and shows a coarse nature and hard heart. In all your home talk, remember, "If you please." Among your playmates, don't forget, "If you please." To all who wait upon or serve you, believe that "if you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Don't forget these little words, "if you please."

THE REBELS ARE ESTIMATED TO HAVE WASTED AT LEAST \$80,000 WORTH OF SHOT AND SHELL AGAINST OUR VESSELS, FROM THEIR BATTERIES ON THE LOWER POTOMAC, WITHOUT DOING ONE CENT OF DAMAGE. CERTAINLY THEY OUGHT NOT TO BE ALLOWED TO GO ON AND RUIN THEMSELVES IN THAT MANNER.

IF THE WEATHER WERE TO REMAIN MILD AT SUCH TIMES, WE SHOULD AT ONCE REMOVE THE BEES FROM THEIR OUT-DOOR STANDS; BUT IN MOST CASES, WITHIN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS, WE AGAIN HAVE THE THER-



SMALL BOY (to Swell who is trying his utmost to preserve his balance).—"Oh, yer wants to shake hands, do yer? I'm sure I'm very 'appy to see yer, sir."

A ROMANTIC INTRODUCTION.

ON A PLEASANT AFTERNOON IN JUNE, 1776, A PIONEER, SIX-AND-THIRTY YEARS OF AGE, BEARING A CAPTAIN'S COMMISSION, AND COMMANDING A LITTLE GARRISON IN A SMALL STOCKADE FORT ON THE WATAUGA RIVER, IN WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA, BETWEEN THE ALLEGHENY AND CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS, WAS INTRODUCED TO A YOUNG WOMAN IN A MOST MARVELLOUS MANNER. THE RECORDS OF GALLANTRY AFFORD NO PARALLEL. ALL AROUND HIM WAS A WILDERNESS. HIS LITTLE FORT WAS IN THE MIDST OF A CLEARING, THE TREES FROM WHICH FORMED HIS BARRACKS AND HIS PALISADES. FOR DAYS HE HAD BEEN EXPECTING AN ATTACK FROM A BAND OF CHEROKEES, WITH OLD ABRAHAM, A NOTED CHIEF, AT THEIR HEAD; FOR HE KNEW THEY WERE OUT UPON THE WAR PATH. THE SHARP REPORT OF A RIFLE FELL UPON HIS EARS, AND LOOKING IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SOUND HE SAW, EMERGING FROM THE DARK FOREST AND FLYING IN THE BRIGHT SUNLIGHT OF THE CLEARING TOWARD THE FORT WITH THE SPEED OF A ROE; A TALL, SLIM GIRL, CLOSELY PURSUED BY OLD ABRAHAM AND HIS SAVAGE WARRIORS. THEY CAME UPON HER APPROACH TO THE GATE, WHEN SHE TURNED SUDDENLY, LEAPED THE PALISADES, AND FELL, ALMOST EXHAUSTED, INTO THE ARMS OF THE GALLANT CAPTAIN WHO HAD WATCHED THE CHASE WITH THE MOST INTENSE INTEREST. SHE WAS THE LOVELY CATHARINE SHERILL, THE ACKNOWLEDGED BEAUTY AMONG THE SETTLERS OF THE HOLSTON REGION, WHO HAD COME DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN DISTRICTS OF VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA. LONG YEARS AFTERWARD SHE WAS HEARD TO SAY THAT SHE WOULD BE WILLING TO HAVE ANOTHER SUCH RACE, IF NECESSARY, FOR THE JOY OF ANOTHER INTRODUCTION LIKE THAT AND ITS HAPPY RESULTS. SHE BECAME THE LOVING AND MUCH-LOVED WIFE OF THE CAPTAIN, AND THE MOTHER OF TEN CHILDREN.

IT MATTERS NOT WHERE OR HOW BEES ARE WINTERED, THE WARM DAYS OF MARCH AND APRIL ARE PERIODS OF GREAT DANGER IN OUR NORTHERN CLIMATE.

IF THE BEES REMAIN OUT-DOORS UPON THEIR SUMMER STANDS, THE HIVES SHOULD BE SHADED BY PLACING BROAD BOARDS AGAINST THEM, WHICH WILL SOMETHING DARKEN THE PASSAGES AND KEEP THE INTERIOR OF THE HIVES COOL, AND THE BEES WILL NOT DESIRE TO LEAVE THEIR HIVES SO MUCH AS THEY DO WHEN THE WARM RAYS OF THE SUN STRIKE DIRECTLY UPON THEM.

BY RAISING THE HIVES SLIGHTLY AS ABOVE STATED, AND HAVING THE PASSAGE-WAYS CLOSED WITH PERFORATED STRIPS OF TIN, TO RUN IN SMALL WIRE STAPLES, THE BEES CAN BE KEPT IN THEIR TENEENTS WITHOUT MUCH EXCITEMENT AMONG THEM, EXCEPT ON VERY WARM DAYS, ON WHICH OCCASIONS, IF THE GROUND IS FREE OF SNOW, IT IS BEST TO REMOVE THE FRONT BOARDS AND ALLOW THE BEES FREE EXIT.

GREATER CARE SHOULD BE TAKEN NOT TO ALLOW THE BEES TO LEAVE THEIR HIVES WHEN THE GROUND IS FREE OF SNOW.

IT IS GOOD MANAGEMENT, IF THE GROUND BE DAMP AROUND THE HIVES, TO STREW REFUSE HAY OR STRAW ABOUT THEM A FEW FEET, TO AFFORD THE BEES A DRY ALIGHTING PLACE; AND IF THE BOARDS THAT WERE USED TO SHADE THE HIVES BE PLACED ONE END ON THE GROUND AND THE OTHER AGAINST THE FLOOR BOARD OF THE HIVE, MANY BEES THAT ARE UNABLE TO FLY AFTER HAVING LEFT THEIR HIVES, WILL BE ENABLED TO ENTER BY CRAWLING UP THOSE BOARDS.

I HAVE FREQUENTLY FOUND IT NECESSARY TO REMOVE THE SNOW FOR A SPACE OF FIFTEEN OR TWENTY FEET AROUND MY APIARY IN THE SPRING OF THE YEAR, IN ORDER TO ALLOW THE GROUND IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY OF THE HIVES TO BECOME CLEAR, UPON WHICH I HAVE KEPT A SUPPLY OF STRAW TILL ABOUT THE 1ST OF MAY; AND BY A CAREFUL USE OF SHADING BOARDS, I HAVE OFTEN PREVENTED MY BEES FROM LEAVING THEIR HIVES, WITHOUT CLOSING THE PASSAGE-WAYS. I DISLIKE TO OBSTRUCT THE PASSAGES, IF I CAN AVOID IT, AND KEEP THE BEES FROM SALTYING OUT WHEN IT IS USELESS FOR THEM TO DO SO; BUT ONE WHO CANNOT BE CONSTANTLY ON HAND TO ATTEND TO HIS BEES, HAD BETTER SHUT THEM IN.

ROBBING.

AS SOON AS WARM WEATHER SETS IN, EVEN BUT FOR A DAY OR TWO, BEES WILL COMMENCE ROBBING EACH OTHER'S STORES. THE STRONG FAMILIES ATTACK THE WEAK ONES; AND IT DOES NOT APPEAR THAT THE ROBBERS ARE IN WANT OF HONEY AT ALL, BUT RATHER HAVE A SUPPLY TO SPARE TO THOSE THAT ARE REALLY FAMISHING. IT IS THE NATURE OF THE HONEY BEE TO ROB, AND THEY SEEM TO EXHIBIT A RECKLESS DARING IN THE RATIO OF THE NUMBERS OF THE FAMILY, AND THE ABUNDANCE THAT THEY POSSESS.

WEAK FAMILIES, WITH SHEETS OF COMB FILLED WITH HONEY THAT THEY ARE UNABLE TO PROTECT, ARE IN PARTICULAR DANGER OF BEING ROBBED. A SINGLE BEE FROM A STRONG FAMILY, PERHAPS, WILL ENTER THE HIVE—THE BEES BEING FEW OR NO BEES AT TIMES TO GUARD THE ENTRANCE; IT ASCENDS THE OUTSIDE COMB, AND NEAR THE TOP FINDS IT WELL FILLED WITH NECTAR, IT TILLS ITS HONEY VESICLE, AND STRAIGHTWAY DEPARTS FOR ITS HOME, AND THERE DISCLOSES ITS GRAND DISCOVERY. YES: IT IS A FACT, THAT BEES HAVE A FACULTY OF IMPARTING INFORMATION. THE BEE WILL, PROBABLY, INFORM A DOZEN OTHERS WHERE THE TREASURE IS TO BE FOUND, AND THIS DOZEN, IN TURN, WILL INFORM AS MANY OTHERS, TILL THOUSANDS HAVE INFESTED THE ROBBED HIVE.

LET A HIVE BE IN A STATE OF BEING ROBBED, AND THE BEES SUDDENLY EJECTED, AND THE HIVE CLOSED, AFTER A DAY OF FRUITLESS STRUGGLES TO ENTER, THE ROBBERS WILL DEPART. LEAVE THAT HIVE TWO OR THREE DAYS THUS CLOSED, AND THEN ON A WARM, SUNNY DAY OPEN THE PASSAGE-WAYS, AND MARK THE RESULT. PRESENTLY, A SINGLE ROBBER WILL FLIT ALONG, SINGING A PECULIAR WAR-SONG, AND, SEEING THE COAST CLEAR, DARTS IN AND SECURES A LOAD OF HONEY, AND RETURNS TO ITS HOME. IN A FEW MINUTES SEVERAL BEES WILL FLIT ALONG, STOPPING IN FRONT OF THE ROBBED HIVE, NEAR THE PASSAGE-WAY, STILL POSED ON THE WING AND SINGING THAT PECULIAR ROBBER-SONG WITH WHICH ALL EXPERIENCED BEEKEEPERS ARE FAMILIAR. ONE BY ONE THEY ENTER, AND THE RESULT IS, THAT FREQUENTLY IN FIFTEEN MINUTES I HAVE KNOWN A PREVIOUSLY ROBBED HIVE, AFTER A PERIOD OF BEING CLOSED, TO BE ASSAILED BY THOUSANDS OF BEES, THROUGH INFORMATION IMPARTED BY A SINGLE PIONEER ROBBER.

THE REMEDY AGAINST ROBBERY, IS TO CONTRACT THE PASSAGE-WAYS OF THE HIVES, NOT AFTER THE DAMAGE HAS BEEN COMMENCED, BUT BEFORE IT IS EFFECTED. EXAMINE YOUR FAMILIES AS YOU SET THEM OUT IN THE SPRING, AND IMMEDIATELY CLOSE UP THE PASSAGE-WAYS OF ALL WEAK ONES, SO THAT BUT ONE OR TWO BEES CAN GO IN AND OUT AT THE SAME TIME. SOME FAMILIES THAT ARE MODERATELY STRONG IN NUMBERS SHOULD HAVE A HALF AN INCH OF SPACE, MORE OR LESS, ACCORDING TO THE NUMBER OF BEES IN THE HIVE. KEEP THE PASSAGE-WAY THUS CLOSED TILL THE APPLE TREES BLOSSOM, AFTER WHICH THEY MAY BE FULLY OPENED.

WHEN A HIVE IS DISCOVERED FULLY IN POSSESSION OF ROBBERS, IT SHOULD BE CLOSED AT ONCE, AND THE ROBBERS LET OUT AT EVENING, WHEN THE HIVE SHOULD BE CLOSED AGAIN. IN SOME CASES, BY REMOVING SUCH HIVES, IF THE BEES ARE NOT WHOLLY OVERPOWERED, OR BY A CAREFUL OPENING OF THE PASSAGE-WAYS AFTER A DAY OR TWO, THE BEES MAY BE SAVED; BUT TWENTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE HAS CONVINCED ME THAT WHEN ROBBERS GET CONTROL OF A HIVE OF BEES, IT IS USELESS TO ATTEMPT TO SAVE ANYTHING BUT THE HONEY REMAINING IN IT.—T. B. MINER, IN "GENESEE FARMER."

THE WIRE WORM.—AT THE DISCUSSION OF A FARMERS' CLUB IN BUFFALO, ILLINOIS, MR. FRANKLIN REED SAID THAT THE RAVAGES OF THE WIRE WORM COULD BE PREVENTED BY PUTTING A HALF OF A FRESH COB IN EACH HILL. THE WORMS WOULD WORK INTO THIS, AND LEAVE THE CORN.

Useful Receipts.

CHEAP PAINT.—THE FOLLOWING IS SAID TO BE EXCELLENT FOR FARM OUTBUILDINGS:—LIME 4 BARRELS; BORAX 12 OZ.; MOLASSES 1 GALLON; BROWN SUGAR 12 LBS.; DRY ZINC 6 LBS.; WATER AND SKIM MILK, IN EQUAL PARTS, TO MAKE 12 GALLONS.—SLACK THE LIME IN A COVERED KEG; DISSOLVE THE BORAX IN A GALLON OF WARM WATER; DISSOLVE THE SUGAR IN WATER, AND MIX ALL THE INGREDIENTS TOGETHER. IT CAN BE MADE OF ANY TINT BY ADDING THE COLOR DESIRED.

MAKING TEA.—WATER FOR MAKING TEA SHOULD BE USED THE MOMENT IT BOILS. THE REASON ASSIGNED IS, THAT IF IT IS BOILED FOR SOME TIME, ALL THE GAS THAT IS IN IT ESCAPES WITH THE STEAM, AND IT WILL THEN NOT MAKE TEA OF THE BEST FLAVOR.

LOOK O'ER THEIR BOOKS AND THERE YOU'LL FIND IT BETTER THAN ANY WORD.

RECORDED THERE, AND BEAR IN MIND,

IF YOU SEARCH THE REPORTS, EACH WEEK,

OR MARKETS, YOU'LL FIND WHAT YOU SEEK.

OF MY WHOLE I NEED BUT SAY.

THAT OFTEN IT MY FIRST CONVEYANCE;

IT IS QUITE A USEFUL THING.—

USEFUL IN AN HUNDRED WAYS;—

TIS NOW BEFORE YOU NEAT'LY DRESSED;

I'LL GO NO MORE—TRY GUESS THE REST.